

Planck's Constant

What else made sense but
the push to climb one another

hand over hand and grab at
whoever was near enough?

The season groaned on
into November; crows bled

branch to sky; stone upon
stone upon stone towered

toward a heaven that flushed
its three-day-old lie of bruise.

Snowflakes threatened war
the moon split town and

swore not to return for days.
Your flicker and turn a lighthouse

and a storm. At quarter to six
the sun went down forever, so

what else made sense but to
climb one another hand over

hand and cleave to whoever was
left and near enough and would?

~ Samiya Bashir